

## the weirdo and frogface by edoranko

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Honestly just fluff, Maybe some angst, bare with me on these drabbles, ok i lied a lot of angst

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2016-08-15

**Updated:** 2016-08-17

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 22:30:29

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 2

**Words:** 678

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Eleven and Mike always had these short, internal narratives inside of them - all of which nobody else knew.

(may become a collection of short drabbles)

## 1. Still Pretty

Without her blonde wig and pristine pink dress - replaced with smudges of dirt on her cheeks and neck, blood from her nose and uneven shades of the leftover lipstick she still had on; she looked at herself in the mirror and bothered to see all the ugliness she had. In her eyes, maybe she's been the monster numerous of times. Maybe she had already fallen to the brink and scraped herself back up. Maybe she's still by the roots, hanging onto it with her dear life.

Eleven's eyes twinkled and sparked, and lost the light that somehow only Mike saw, the light nobody else ever caught. The mirror was cracking at the sides, and with two words she tries to be content with her monstrous self - "Still pretty?"

Mike had never wanted to be so good with words up until that very moment. He wanted to be a poet, just so he could make poems about how beautiful she was. He wanted to be an author, to write stories and fairy tales where Eleven was the princess and everyone damn right knew about it. But sadly he was only twelve, with a low-range vocabulary and a rapidly beating heart.

So he just clutches his lousy denim pants and widens his eyes, saying, "Yeah. Pretty. *Really* pretty."

He wished that somehow, Eleven could also see the light in his eyes, understanding how much he really meant it. But Eleven smiles, and that's all there was to it.

## 2. Snow Ball

Mike never knew that he would voluntarily want to wear a suit, much less be able to learn the complex mechanics of a tie.

He was quite proud of it, actually, the fact that he did his tie all by himself, that he managed to connect his cufflinks together without much frustration – he even fit his father's old wedding suit at the prime of being thirteen years old. It was like everything about him was striving to quickly grow already, not minding that small pieces of him were still trying their hardest to keep up.

He feels his bones stretching, his skin tying it all back together, his hair curling at the sides which he refuses to cut. Mike wanted to feel and be the same if she ever did come back; because there was still that slightest possibility. Even if it involved a huge monster eating their guts out, a whole other world that could swallow them both up and cut both their lives off - Mike believed it was possible, and he knew she did too.

Because it was so unfair, if he thought about it. If they just all had started *thinking* about it. That if ever Eleven came back, her memories stale and expressions unchanged, they had all moved on and began to be so different while she was still stuck on the things they held onto before. *Unfair.*

"Hey, you'll be okay." Nancy says, not even asking what it's all about. Everyone doesn't ask; they could tell by the look of his eyes, and the small scratches that surrounded them. This was something they've seen so much of before, the thing that Mike never had to make others understand.

"Yeah." Mike smiled.

The pile of Eggos on one side were left uneaten the next day.

Mike woke up to the sound of Joy Division singing in his ears, filling the whole room, even if he was under the blankets that fell on him from the whole haphazardly made blanket fort. He doesn't know much of what he did last night, but he could already guess from his stuffy chest and runny nose. There were more scratches on his eyes, bloodshot and sore and tired.

Yeah, he could *easily* guess.

Mike was hugging the supercom in his arms, both dearly and desperately. He felt pathetic, but that's always how it is. And even in this morning he spent in a silk suit, a tight tie almost choking his throat - he repeats it all over again.

"We made a promise,"

*"And we'll go to the Snow Ball together."*

*"Promise?"*

*"Promise."*

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

im not quite proud of this. and im sorry if it seems  
sad; sad stuff have been happening to me

even though i hope you'd still enjoy it at the least!